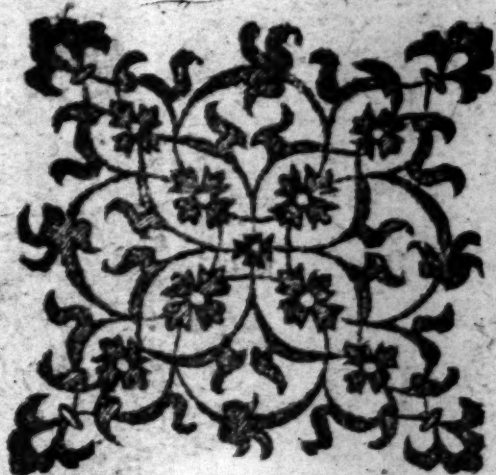


SAINT
PETERS COM-
PLAINT.

With other Poëms.



EDINBURGH

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THE AVTHOR TO

the Reader.

DEare eye that doost peruse my Muses stile,
With easie censure deeme of my delight:
Giue sobrest count'nance leaue sometime to smile,
And grauest wits to take a breathing flight;
Of mirth to make a trade, may be a crime,
But tyred spirits of mirth to make a time.

The loftie Eagle soares not still aboue,
High flights will force her from the wing to stoupe,
And studious thoughts at times men must remoue,
Least by excesse before thcir time they droupe.

In courser studies tis a sweete repose,
With Poets pleasing vaine to temper prose.

Prophane conceites and fayning fits I flie,
Such lawlesse stuffe doth lawlesse speeches fit:
With Dauid verse to vertue I applie,
Whose measure best with measurd words is knit:

It is the sweetest note that man can sing,
When grace in vertues key tunes natures string.



THE AVTHOR TO
THE READER.

DEare eye that daynest to let fall a looke,
On these sad memories of PETERS plaints:
Muse not to see some mudde in clearest brooke,
They once were brittle mould that now are Saints.
Their weakenesse is no warrant to offend,
Learne by their faultes, what in thine owne to mend.

If Equities euen hand the ballance held,
Where PETERS sinnes and ours were made the weights:
Ounce for his dramme, pound for his ounce we yeeld,
His ship would groane to feele some sinners freights.
So ripe is vice, so Greene is vertues bud:
The worlde doth waxe in ill, but waine in good.

This makes my mourning Muse resolute in teares,
This theames my heauie penne to plaine in prose,
CHRISTS thorne is sharpe, no head his Garland weares:
Still finest wits are stilling VENUS Rose,
In paynym toyes the sweetest vaines are spent,
To christian workes, fewe haue their talents lent.

Lycence my single penne to seeke a pheere,
You heauenly sparks of wit, shewe native light:
Cloude not with mistie loues your Orient cleere,
Sweete flights you shoote, learne once to leuill right.
Fauour my wish, well wishing workes no ill,
I mooue the Sute, she Grant rests in your will.

SAINT



SAINT PETERS

Complaint.

Launch forth my soule into a maine of teares,
Full fraught with griefe, the traffick of thy minde:
Torne sailes will serue, thoughts rent with guiltie
Giue care the sterne, vse sighes in lieu of wind: (feares:
Remorse, thy Pilot: thy misdeede, thy Carde:
Torment thy Hauen, shipwrack thy best reward.

Shun not the shelve of most deserved shame:
Sticke in the sands of agonizing dred:
Content thee to be stormes and billowes game:
Divorc'd from grace thy soule to pennance wed.
Fly not from forreine euils, fly from thy hart:
Worse then the worst of evils is that thou art.

Giue vent vnto the vapours of thy brest,
That thicken in the brimmes of cloudie eyes:
Where sinne was hatch'd, let teares now wash the nest,
Where life was lost, recover life with cries:
Thy trespasse foule, let not thy teares be few:
Thy spotted soule wash in the weeping dew.

Fly mournfull plaints, the Echoes of my rueth;
Whose screeches in my freighted conscience ring:
Sob out my sorrowes, fruits of mine vntueth:
Report the smart of sinnes infernall sting.
Tell hearts that languish in the sorriest plight,
There is on earth a farre more sorry wight.

A sorry weight, the object of disgrace,
 The monument of feare, the map of shame,
 The mirrour of mishap, the staine of place,
 The scorne of time, the infamy of fame:
 An excrement of earth, to heauen hatefull,
 Injurious to man, to God vngratefull.

Ambitious heads, dreame you of Fortunes pride:
 Fill volumes with your forged Goddesse prayse,
 You fancies drudges, plung'd in folliest tide,
 Deuote your fabling wits to louers layes:
 Be you, O sharpest griefes that euer wrung,
 Text to my thoughts, Theame to my playning tung.

Sad subject of my sinne hath stoar'd my minde,
 With everlasting matter of complaint:
 My threnes an endlesse Alphabet doe finde,
 Beyond the pangs which *Jeremie* doth paint.
 That eies with errors may just measure keep,
 Most teares I wish that haue most cause to weepe.

All weeping eies resign your teares to me:
 A sea will scantly rince my ordur'd soule:
 Huge horrors in high tides must drowned be,
 Of every teare my crime exactethoule.
 These staines are deep: few drops, take out no such:
 Even salue with sore: and most, is not too much.

I fear'd with life, to die; by death to liue:
 I left my guide, now left, and leauing God.
 To breath in blisse, I fear'd my breath to giue:
 I fear'd for heauenly raigne, and earthly rod.
 These feares I fear'd, feares feeling no mishaps:
 O foud, O faint, O false, O faultie laps.

How can I liue, that thus my life deni'de:
 What can I hope, that lost my hope in feare?

What

What trust to one, that truth it selfe defi'de?
 What good in him, that did his God forswear?
 O sinne! O shame! of euils the very wurst:
 O matchlesse wretch: O catiffe most accurst.

Vaine in my vaunts, I vow'd if friends had fail'd
 Alone *Christs* hazards fortunes to abide:
 Giant in talke, like dwarfe, in triall quaild:
 Excelling none, but in vntruth and pride.
 Such distance is between high words & deeds:
 — In prooffe the greatest vaunter seldome speeds.

Ah rashnes hastie rise to murdering leape,
 Lavish in vowing, blind, in seeing what:
 Soone sowing shames, that long remorse must reape:
 Nurcing with teares, that ouer-sight begat;
 Scout of repentance, harbinger of blame,
 Treason to wisdom, mother of ill name.

The borne-blind begger, for receiued sight,
 Fast in his faith and loue, to *Christ* remain'd,
 He stouped to no feare, he fear'd no might:
 No change his choise: no threats his truth distain'd,
 One wonder wrought him in his dutie sure:
 I, after thousands, did my Lord abjure.

Ioh. 9.

Could seruile feare of rendring natures due,
 Which growth in yeares was shortly like to claime,
 So thrall my loue, that I should thus eschue
 A vowed death, and misse so faire an ayme?
 Die, die, disloyall wretch, thy life detest:
 For sauing thine, thou hast forsworne the best.

Ah life, sweet drop, drown'd in a sea of fowers,
 A flying good, posting to a tall end,
 Still loosing months and yeares to gaine new howers:
 Faine, time to haue, and spare, yet forst to spend;

Thy

Thy growth, decrease, a moment, all thou hast:
That gone, ere knowne: the rest to come, or past.

Ah life, the maze of countlesse straying waies,
Open to erring steps, and strow'd with baits,
To winde weake fences into endlesse strays,
A loofe from vertues rough vnbeaten straights;
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dreame.
A liuing death, a never turning streame.

And could I rate so high a life so base?
Did feare with loue cast so vneuen account,
That for this goale I should runne *Iudas* race,
And *Caiphas* rage in crueltie surmount:
Yet they esteemed thirty pence his price,
I, worse then both, for nought deny'd him thrice.

Mat. 26.

The mother sea from ouer-flowing deepes:
Sends foorth her issue by divided vaines:
Yet back her of-spring to their mother creepes,
To pay their purest streames with added gaines;
But I that drunke the drops of heauenly flud,
Bemyr'd the giver with returning mud.

In this the harvest of his sowing toyle:
Did *Christ* manure thy hart to breed him bryers?
Or doth it need this vnaccustom'd soyle,
With hellish dung to fertile heauens desiers?
No, no, the Marle that perjuries doth yield,
May spoyle a good, not fat a barraine field.

Was this for best deserts the duest meede?
Are highest worthes well wag'de with spitefull hire?
Are stoutest vowes repeal'd in greatest neede?
Should friendship at the first affront retire?
Blush crauen sott, lurke in eternall night:
Crouch in the darkest caue from loathed light.

Ah

COMPLAINT.

Mat. 15. 17

Ah wretch, why was I nam'd sonne of a doue.
Whose speecches voyded spiglit, & breathed galle?
No kin I am vnto the bird of loue:
My stony name much better sutes my fall,
My othes were stones; my cruell tongue the sling:
My God, the mark: at which my spight did fling.

Were all the Iewish tyrannies too few,
To glut thy hungry lookes with his disgrace:
That thou more hatefull tyrannies must shew:
And spit thy poyson in thy Makers face?
Didst thou to spare his foes put vp the sword:
To brandish now thy tongue against thy Lord?

Ioh. 15. 12.

Ah tongue, that didst his prayse and Godhead sound,
How wert thou stain'd with such detesting words,
That every word was to his hart a wound,
And launст him deeper then a thousand swords?
What rage of man, yea what infernall sprite,
Could haue disgorg'd more loathsom dregs of spite?

Mat. 14. 39.

Why did the yeelding sea like marble way
Support a wretch more wavering then the waues?
Whom doubt did plunge, why did the water stay,
Vnkind, in kindnesse: murdering, while it saues?
O that this tongue had then bin fishes foode,
And I deuour'd before this cursing moode.

Their surges, depths, and seas vnfirm by kinde,
Rough gusts, & distance both from ship & shoare,
Were titles to excuse my staggering minde,
Stout feete might falter on that liquid floare.
But heere, no seas, no blasts, no billowes were,
A puffe of womans wind bred all my feare.

O coward troupes, far better arm'd then harted,
Whom angry words, whom blowes could not provoke,
B Whom

Ioh. 15. 10.

VVhom thogh I taught how sore my weapon smarted,
Yet none repaide me with a wounding stroke.

O no: that stroke could but one moitie kill,
I was referu'd both halfes at once to spill.

Ah, whether was forgotten loue exilde?

Ioh. 13. 37. VVhere did the truth of pledged promise sleepe?

VVhat in my thoughts begat this vgly childe,
That could through rented soule thus fircely creepe?
O viper feare, their death by whome thou liuest,
All good thy ruines wreck, all euils thou giuest.

Threats threw me not, torments I none assayde:
My fraye; with shades: conceites did make me yeelde,
Wounding my thoughts with feares, selfly dismaide,
I neither fought nor lost, I gaue the field;

Math. 10. 6. 9. Infamous foyle: a Maidens easie breath
Did blow me downe, and blast my soule to death.

Titles I make vntruths, am I a rocke?

Mat. 16. 18. That with so soft a gale was ouer-throwne,
Am I fit pastor for the faithfull flocke,
To guide their soules, that muredred thus mine owne,
A rocke of ruine, not a rest to stay,
A Pastor, not to feede, but to betray.

Mar. 9. 42. Fidelity was flowne, when feare was hatched,
Incompatible brood in vertues nest:
Courage can lesse with cowardise be matched,
Prowesse nor loue lodg'd in deuided brest;
O *Adams* child, cast by a fillie *Eue*,
Heire to thy fathers foyles, and borne to greeue.

Math. 17. 4. In *Thabors* joyes I eger was to dwell,
Ioh. 21. An earnest friend while pleasures light did shine,
Math. 1. But when ecclipsed glory prostrate fell,
These zealous heates to sleepe I did resigne;

And

COMPLAINT.

II

And now my mouth hath thrise his name defil'd,
That cry'd so loud three dwellings there to build.

Mat. 5. 5

When *Christ* attending the distressefull hower,
With his surcharged brest did blesse the ground,
Prostrate in pangs, rayning a bleeding shower,
Me, like my selfe, a drowfie friend he found;
Thrile in his care, sleepe closde my carelesse eye,
Presage, how him my tongue should thrile deny.

Mat. 16. 40

Parting from *CHRIST* my fainting force declin'd,
With lingring foote I followed him a loose,
Base feare out of my hart his loue vnshrin'd,
Huge in high words, but impotent in prooffe;
My vaunts did seeme hatcht vnder *SAMPSON'S* locks,
Yet womans words did giue me murdring knocks.

Mar. 14. 54
Luk. 22. 54

So farre luke warme desires in crasie loue,
Farre off in neede with feeble foote they traine:
In tydes they swim, low ebbes they scorne to proue,
They seeke their friends delights, but shun their paine.
Hire of a hireling minde is earned shame:
Take now thy due: beare thy begotten blame.

Ah, coole remisnes, vertues quartane feuer,
Pyning of loue, consumption of grace:
Old in the cradle, languor dying euer,
Soules wilfull famine, sinnes soft stealing pace,
The vndermining evill of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring no harmes till all be brought,

O portresse of the doore of my disgrace;
VVhose tongue, vnlockt the truth of vowed minde;
VVhose words, from cowards hart did courage chafe,
And let in death full feares my soule to blinde,
O, hadst thou bene the portresse to my tombe:
VVhen thou wert portresse to that cursed roome.

Iohn. 13.

Yet loue, was loath to part; feare, loath to die:
 Stay, danger, life, did counterplead their causes:
 Ifavoring stay, and life bad danger flie:
 But danger did except against these clauses.
 Yet stay, and liue, I would, & danger shonne,
 And lost my selfe, while I my verdict wonne.

I stayde, yet did my staying farthest part:
 I liu'd; but so, that saving life, I lost it:
 Danger I shun'd, but to my forer smart:
 I gayned nought, but deeper damage crost it,
 What danger, distance, death is worse then this,
 That runnes from God & spoyles his soule of blisse:

John. 18. 16.

O Iohn my guide into this earthly hell,
 Too well acquainted in so ill a court,
 Where rayling mouthes with blasphemies did swell,
 With tayne'd breath infecting all resort.
 Why didst thou lead me to this hell of euils:
 To shew my selfe a fiend among the devils?

Euill president, the tyde that wafts to vice,
 Dumme Orator, that woes with silent deedes,
 Writing in works lessons of ill advise,
 The doing tale that eye in practise reedes:
 Taster of ioyes: to vnacquainted hunger:
 With leauen of the old, seasoning the yonger.

It seemes no fault to doe that all haue done:
 The number of offenders hides the finne:
 Coach drawn with many horse, doth easely runne:
 Soone followeth one where multitudes begin,
 O; had I in that court much stronger bin;
 Or not so strong as first to enter in.

Sharpe was the weather, in that stormie place,
 Best futing harts benum'd with hellish frost,

VVhose

Whose congeald streames there could admit no grace,
 Where coales were kindled to the warmers cost,
 Where feare, my thoughts canded with y^e colde:
 Heate, did my tongue to perjuries vnfolde:

Mar. 14. 67
 Luk. 22. 57
 Ioh. 18. 18.

O hatefull fire (ah that I ever saw it)
 Too hard my hart was frozen for thy force,
 Farre hotter flames it did require to thaw it,
 Thy hell resembling heate did freeze it worse,
 O that I rather had congeal'd to y^e,
 Then bought thy warm'th at such a damning price.

O wakefull bird, proclamer of the day,
 Whose piercing note doth daunt the Lions rage:
 Thy crowing did my selfe to me bewray,
 My frights, and brutish heates it did asswage.
 But O, in this alone vnhappy Cocke:
 That thou to count my foyles wert made the clocke.

Mat. 26. 73
 Mar. 14. 72
 Iohn. 27.

O bird, the just rebuker of my crime,
 The faithfull waker of my sleeping feares:
 Be now the daylie clocke to strike the time,
 When stinted eies shall pay their taske of teares.
 Vpbraide mine eares with thine accusing crow:
 To make me rew that first it made me know.

O milde revenger of aspiring pride,
 Thou canst dismount high thoughts to low effects:
 Thou mad'st a Cocke me for my fault to chide,
 My loftie boasts this lowly bird corrects.
 Well might a Cocke correct me with a crow:
 Whom hennish cackling first did over-throw.

Weake weapons did *Golias* fumes abate,
 Whose storming rage did thunder threats in vaine:
 His body huge, harness't with massie plate,
 Yet *DAVIDS* stone brought death into his braine.

1. Reg. 17.
 40.

With staffe and sling as to a dog he came:
And with contempt did boasting furie tame.

Yet DAVID had with Beare and Lyon fought,
His skilfull might excus'd *Goliath* foyle:
The death is eas'd, that worthy hand hath wrought,
Some honour liues in honourable spoyle;
But I on whom all infamies must light,
Was his'd to death with words of womens spight.

Ex. 2. 16. 24 Small gnats enforst th'Egiptian King to stoupe,
Yet they in swarmes and arm'd with piercing stings:
Smart, noyse, annoyance, made his courage droupe,
No small incombrance such small vermine brings:
I quail'd at words that neither bit nor stung,
And those delivered from a womans tung.

Ah feare, abortiue impe of drouping mind:
Selfe ouer-throw; false friend; roote of remorse:
Sighted, in seeing euils; in shunning blind:
Foyl'd without field; by fancie not by force;
Ague of valour; phrensie of the wise;
True honours staine; loues frost; the mint of lies.

2. Sam. 11. Can vertue, wisdom, strength by women spild
4. In DAVIDS, SALOMONS, & SAMPSONS falles,
1. Reg. 11. With semblance of excuse my error guild,
L. 2. Or lend a marble glose to muddy walles?
Judg. 16. 4. O no, their fault had show of some pretence,
No veyle can hide the shame of my offence.

The blaze of beauties beames allur'd their lookes,
Their lookes, by seeing oft, conceiv'd loue:
Loue, by affecting, swallowed pleasures hookes:
Thus beautie, loue, and pleasure them did moue.
These Syrens sugred tunes rockt them a sleepe:
Enough, to damne, yet not to damne so deepe.

But

But gracious features dazled not mine eies,
 Two homely droyles were authors of my death:
 Not loue, but feare, my senses did surprize:
 Not feare of force, but feare of womans breath.
 And those vnarm'd, ill grac'd despis'd, vnknowne:
 So base a blast my truth hath ouer-throwne.

O woman, woe to men: traps for their falls,
 Still actors in all tragicall mischances:
 Earths necessarie euils, captiuing thralls,
 now murdring with your tongues, now with your glances,
 Parents of life, and loue: spoylers of both,
 The theeues of harts: false do you loue or loth.

In time, O Lord, thine eyes with mine did meete,
 In them I read the ruines of my fall:
 Their chearing rayes that made discomfort sweete,
 Into my guilty thoughts poured floods of gall,
 Their heavenly lookes that blest where they beheld,
 Darts of disdaine, and angrie checks did yeld.

Luk. 22. 61.

O sacred eies, the springs of liuing light,
 The earthly heauens, where Angels joy to dwell:
 How could you digne to view my deathfull plight,
 Or let your heavenly beames looke on my hell?
 But those vnspotted eyes encountred mine,
 As spotlesse Sunne doth on the dunghill shine.

Sweete volumes stoard with learning fit for Saints,
 Where blisfull quires Imparadize their minds,
 Wherein eternall studie never faints,
 Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds,
 How endlesse is your labyrinth of blisse,
 Where to be lost the sweetest finding is?

Ah wretch how oft haue I sweet lessons read,
 In those deare eyes the registers of truth?

How

How oft haue I my hungry wishes fed,
 And in their happy joyes redre's'd my ruth?
 Ah that they now are Heralds of disdaine:
 That erst were euer pittiers of my paine.

You flames diuine that sparkle out your heats
 And kindle pleasing fires in mortall heartes:
 You nectar'd Aumbryes of soule-feeding meates,
 You gracefull quiners of loues deere'st darts:
 You did vouchsafe to warme, to wound, to feast,
 My cold, my stonie, my now famish'd breast.

Luk. 22, 32. The matchles eyes; match'd onely each by other,
 Were pleas'd on my ill matched eyes to glaunce:
 The eye of liquid pearle, the pure'st mother,
 Broch'd teares in mine to weepe for my mischance;
 The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treasure,
 And did to my misdeed their mercies measure.

These blazing Comets, lightning flames of loue,
 Made me their warming influence to know;
 My frozen hart their sacred force did proue,
 Which at their lookes did yeeld like melting snow,
 They did not joyes in former plentie carue,
 Yet sweet are crums where pined thoughts do starue.

O living mirrours, seeing whom you shew,
 VVhich equall shadows worths with shadowed things:
 Yea make things nobler then in natiue hew,
 By being shap'd in those life-giving springs;
 Much more my image in those eyes was grac'd,
 Then in my selfe, whom sinne and shame defac'd.

*This must
 bee vnder-
 stood
 of Christ as
 he is God,
 and as now
 he is glory-
 fed.

* All-seeing eyes, more worth then all you see,
 Of which one is the others onely price:
 I worthlesse am, direct your beames on mee,
 VVith quickning vertue cure my killing vice.

By

By seeing things, you make things worth the sight,
You seeing, salue, and being scene, delight.

O Pooles of **Hesbon*, the bathes of grace,
Where happy spirits diue in sweet desires:
Where Saints rejoyce to glasse their glorious face,
Whose banks make Eccho to the Angels quires;
An Eccho sweeter in the sole rebound,
Then Angels musick in the fullest sound,

*This is rather
spoken of the
beautie of
Christe his
Church. yet
the beautie is
from Christ
by participat-
ion.

O eyes, whose glaunces are a silent speech,
In ciphred words high misteries disclosing:
Which with a looke all Sciences can teach,
Whose textes to faithfull harts need little glosing:
Witnesse vnworthy I, who in a looke,
Learn'd more by rote, then all the scribes by booke.

Though hardnes yet possesse their feeble minds,
I, though too hard, learn'd softnesse in thine eye,
Which yron knots of stubborne will vnbinds,
Offering them loue, that loue with loue will bye,
This did I learne, yet they could not discern it,
But woe, that I had now such neede to learne it.

O Sunnes, all but your selues in light excellling,
Whose presence, day, whose absence causeth night,
Whose neighbour course, brings Sommer, cold expel-
Whose distant periods freeze away delight. (ling,
Ah, that I lost your bright and fostring beames,
To plunge my soule in these congealed streames.

O gracious spheres where loue the Center is,
A native place for our selfe-loaden soules:
The compasse, loue, a cope that none can mis-
The motion, loue that round about vs rowles:
O Spheres of loue, whose Center, cope, and motion,
Is loue of vs, loue that invites deuotion.

O little worlds, the summes of all the best,
 Where glory, heauen, God, sonne, all vertues, stars;
 Where fire a loue that next to heauen doth rest,
 Ayre, light of life, that no distemper marres;
 The water, grace, whose seas, whose springes, whose
 Cloth natures earth with everlasting flowers. (showers

What mixtures these sweet elements do yeeld,
 Let happy worldlings of those worlds expound,
 But simples are by compounds farre exceld,
 Both sure a place, where all best things abound.
 And if a banisht wretch gesse not amisse:
 All but one compound frame of perfect blisse.

I, out-cast from these worlds exiled rome,
 Poore wretch, from heauen, from fire cold *Salamanders*;
 Lost fish, from those sweet waters kindly home,
 From land of life, stray'd pilgrim still I wander.
 I know the cause: these worlds had never hell,
 In which my faults haue best deseru'd to dwell.

2. Sam 23. 33. O *Bethelém* cesters, *DAVIDS* most desire,
 From which my sinnes like fierce *Philistims* keepe,
 To fetch your drops what Champions should I hire,
 That therein my withered hart may steepe.
 I would not shed them like that holy King,
 His were but types, these are the figured thing.

Can. 5. 11. 32. O Turtle twinnes all bath'd in virgins milke,
 Vpon the margin of full flowing bankes:
 VVhose gracefull plume surmounts the finest silke,
 VVhose sight enamoreth heauens most happy rankes;
 Could I forswear this heauenly payre of Doves,
 That cag'd in care for me were groning loues.

Twise *Moses* wand did strike the stubborne Rock,
 Ere stoney veynes would yeeld their christall bloud:

Thy

Thy eies, one looke serv'd, as an only knock,
 To make my hart gush out a weeping flood.
 VVherein my sins as fishes spawn'd their frye
 To shew their inward shames, & then to dye.

But O, how long demurre I on his eyes,
 VVhose looke did pearce my hart with healing wound:
 Launcing impostum'd sore of perjur'd lyes,
 VVhich these two issues of mine eyes hath found:
 VVhere runne it must, till death the issues stop,
 And painfull life hath purg'd the final drop.

Like solest Swan that swimmes in silent deepe
 And neuer sings but obsequies of death,
 Sigh out thy plaints, and sole in secret weepe,
 In suing pardon, spend thy perjur'd breath,
 Attire thy soule in sorrowes mourning weed,
 And at thine eies let guiltie conscience bleed.

Still in the Limbecke of thy dolefull brest
 These bitter fruits that from thy sinnes do grow,
 For fuel, selfe-accusing thoughts be best,
 Use feare as fire, the coales let pennance blow;
 And seeke none other quintessence but teares,
 That eyes may shed what entred at thine eares.

Come sorrowing teares, the of spring of my griefe,
 Scant not your Parent of a needfull ayde;
 In you I rest, the hope of wisht reliefe,
 By you my sinfull debts must be defrayd:
 Your powring streams, your sacrifice is grateful,
 By loue obtayning life to men most hatefull.

Come good effects of ill-deserving cause;
 Ill-gotten impes, yet vertuously brought furth:
 Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed lawes,
 Yet blamed faults deciphering by your ruth.

The signes of shame in you each eye may read,
Yet while you guiltie proue, you pittie plead.

O beames of mercie beate on sorrowes Clowde,
Poure suppling showres vpon my parched ground:
Bring forth the fruite to your due seruice vow'de,
Let good desires with like deserts be crown'd,
Water yong blooming vertues tender flower,
Sinne did all grace of riper growth deuoure.

Weepe, Balme, and Mirre you sweete *Arabian* trees,
With purest gummes perfume and pearle your rync:
Shed on your honny drops you busie Bees,
I, barraine plant, must weepe ynpleasant bryne,
Hornets I hyue, fault drops their labour plyes,
Suckt out of sinne: and shed by showring eyes.

Palm. 67 If *DAVID* night by night did bathe his bed,
Esteeming longest dayes too short to mone:
Job. 10. 4 Inconsolable teares if *ANNA* shed,
Who in her sonne her solace had forgone,
Then I to dayes, and weekes, to months and yeares,
Do owe the hourelly rent of stintles teares.

If loue, If losse, if fault, if spotted fame,
If danger, death, if wrath or wreck of weale,
Entitle eyes true heyres to earned blame,
That due remorse in such euents conceale,
Then want of teares might well inroll my name,
As chiefest Saint in Callender of shame.

Loue where I lou'd, was due and best deseru'd,
No loue could ayme at more loue-worthie marke,
No loue more lou'd then mine of him I seru'd,
Large vse he gaue, a flame for euerie sparke.
This loue I lost, this losse a life must rue,
Yea life is short to pay the rueth is due.

I lost all that I had, and had the most,
The most that will can wish, or wit deuise:
I least performd, that did most vainely boast,
I staid my fame in most infamous wise.

What danger then, death, wrath, or wrecke can moue,
More pregnant cause of teares then this I proue?

If ADAM sought a veyle to scarfe his sinne,
Taught by his fall to feare a scourging hand,
If men shall wish that hills should wrap them in,
When crymes in finall doome come to be scand,
What mount, what caue, what center can conceale
My monstrous fact, which euen the birds reueale?

Gen. 3. 7.

Ose. 10. 8.

Come shame, the liuery of offending minde,
The vgly shroude that ouer-shadoweth blame:
The mulct, at which foule faults are iustly finde.
The dampe of sinne, the common floue of fame.
By which impossu'd tongues their humors purge,
Light shame on me, I best deseru'd the scourge.

CAINES murdering hand imbrude in brothers blood
More mercy then my impious tongue may craue:
He kild a riual with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled loue alone to haue:
But feare so spoild my vanquish't thoughts of loue,
That periurde oathes my spightfull hate did proue.

Gen. 4. 8.

Poore AGAR from her phere enforc'd to flye,
Wandring in *Barsabeian* wildes alone: (dye, Gen. 22. 13.
Doubring her childe through helpeles drougt woulde 16.
Layd it a loose, and set her downe to moane.
The heauens with prayers, her lap with teares she filld,
A mothers loue in losse is hardly stild.

But *Agar* now bequeath thy teares to me,
Feares, not effects, did set a-flote thyn eyes:

But wretch I feele more then was feard of thee;
 Ah, not my Sonne, my soule it is that dyes:
 It dyes for drought yet hath a spring in sight,
 Worthy to dye, that would not liue and might.

Sam. 15. Fayr *Absoloms* foule faults compard with mine,
 Are brightest sands, to mud of *Sodome* Lakes;
 High aymes, yong spirits, birth of royall line,
 Made him play false where Kingdomes were the stakes,
 He gaz'd on golden hopes, whose lustre winnes
 Sometime the grauest witts to greuous finnes.

But I whose crime cuts of the least excuse,
 A Kingdome lost, but hop'd no mite of gaine,
 My highest marke, was but the worthlesse vse,
 Of some few lingring howres of longer paine;
 Vngratefull childe, his Parent he persude,
 I, *Gjants* warre with God himselfe renude.

Mat. 16. Ioy Infant Saints, whome in the tender flower
 A happy storme did free from feare of sinne:
 Long is their life that die in blisfull howre,
 Ioyfull such ends as endles ioyes begin.
 Too long they liue, that liue till they be nought,
 Life sau'd by sinne, base purchase deere bought.

This lot was mine, your fate was not so feare,
 Whome spotlesse death in cradle rockt a sleepe,
 Sweet Roses mixt with Lillies strow'd your hearse,
 Death virgine white in Martires red did sleepe.
 Your downie heads both pearles & rubies crownd,
 My hoary locks did femall feares confound.

You bleating Ewes that waile this woluish spoyle,
 Of sucking Lambes new brought with bitter throwes,
 T' in balme: your babes your eyes distill their oyle,
 Eie heart to tombe her childe wide rupture shoues;

Rue

COMPLAINT.

33

Rue not their death whom death did but reuiue:
Yeeld rueth to me that liu'd to die aliue.

With easie losse sharpe wreakes did he eschew,
That Sindonles aside did naked slyp,
Once naked grace no outward garment knew,
Rich are his robes whom sinne did never stryp,
I that in vaunts displaid prides fayrest flags,
Disrob'd of grace, am wrapt in ADAMS rags.

Mat. 14. 53

When traytor to the Sonne, in Fathers eies,
I shall present my humble sute for grace,
What blush can paint the shame that will arise,
Or write my inward feeling in my face?
Would for the grieve within the sinner see,
Though I dispisde: my grieve might pittied bee.

But ah, how can his eares my speeche endure,
Or sent my breath still reeking hellish steeme?
Can Father like what did the Sonne abjure,
Or murdering heart, a Fathers loue redeeme?
The Father nothing loues that Sonne doth loath,
Ah loathsome wretch, detested of them both.

O sister Nymphes, the sweet renowned payre
That blesse *Bethania* bounds with your aboard:
Shall I infect that sanctified ayre,
Or staine those steps where *Iesus* breath'd and trode?
No: let your Oyle perfume that sweetned place:
Turne me with Tygers to the wildest chase.

Martha &
Marie.
Ioh. 11. 3.
& 12. 2. 9.
Luc. 10. 39

Could I revived *Lazarus* behold,
The third of that sweet companie of Saints?
Would not astonisht dread my senses hold?
Ah yes, my hart even with his naming faints;
I seeme to see a messenger from hell,
That my prepared torments comes to tell.

Ioh. 11. 44

Math. 17. O *John*, O *James*, we made a triple corde
 Luk 9. 20. Of three most louing and best loued friends:
 Mar. 9. 2. My rotten twist was broken with a word,

Fit now to fuell fire among the fiends;
 It is not euer true, though often spoken,
 That triple twisted corde is hardly broken.

Mat. 3. 15. The dispossessed devils that out I threw
 In *Iesus* name, now impiouslie forsworne,
 Triumph to see me caged in their mew,
 Trampling my ruines with contempt and scorne;
 My periuries were musick to their daunce,
 And now they heape dildaines on my mischance.

Our Rock (say they) is riuen, O welcome howre,
 Our Eagles winges are clypt that wrought so hie:
 Our thundring Cloude made noyse but cast no showre
 He prostrate lyes that would haue calde the skie;
 In womans tongue our runner found a rub,
 Our *Cedar* now is shrunk into a shrub.

These scornefull words vpbraid my inward thought,
 Prootes of their damned prompters neighbour voice:
 Such vgly guests still waite vpon the nought,
 Fiends swarm to soules that swerue from vertues choise,
 For breach of plighted truth, this true I trie:
 Ah, that my deed thus gaue my word the lie.

Mat. 17. 2. Once, and but once, too deare a once to twice it,
 Mar. 9. 2. A heauen, in earth, Saints, neere my selfe I saw,
 Luk 9. 27. Sweet was the sight, but sweeter loues did spice it,
 But sights and loues did my misdeed with-draw.
 From heauen and Saints, to hell and devils estrang'd,
 Those sights to frights, those loues to hates ar chang'd

CHRIST, as my God, was tempted in my thought,
 As man, he lent mine eyes their dearest light;

Bue

COMPLAINT.

35

But sinne, his temple bath to ruine brought;
And now he lightneth terrour from his sight,
Now of my lay vnconsecrate desires,
Prophaned wretch I tast the earned hires.

Ah sinne, the nothing that doth all things file;
Out-cast from heauen, earths curse, the cause of hell;
Parent of death, author of our exile,
The wreck of soules, the wares that fiends do sell.
That men to monsters; Angels turnes to deuils:
Wrong, of all rights; selfe-ruine: root of euils.

A thing most done, yet more then God can doe,
Daily new done; yet ever done amisse:
Friended of all, yet vnto all a foe,
Seeming a heauen, yet banishing from blisse.
Served with toyle, yet paying nought but paine;
Mans deepest losse, though false, esteemed gaine.

Shot, without noyse: wound without present smart
First seeming light; proving in syne a lode,
Entring with ease, not easily wonne to part,
Far in effects from that the shewes abode:
Endorc'd with hope, subscribed with dispaire,
Vgly in death, though life did faine it faire.

O forfeiture of heauen: eternall debt,
A moments joy; ending in endlesse fires:
Our natures scum; the worlds entangling Net:
Night of our thoughts: death of al good desires.
Worse then all this: worse then all tongues can say,
Which man could owe, but onely God defray.

This fawning viper, dum till he had wounded,
With many mouthes doth now vpbraid my harmes:
My sight was vaild till I my selfe confounded,
Then did I see the disenchanted charmes.

D

Then

Then could I cut the anotomy of sinne,
And search with *Lixxes* eyes what lay within.

Bewitching euill, that hides death in deceits,
Still borrowing lying shapes to maske thy face,
Now know I the deciphring of thy sleights,
A cunning deereely bought with losse of grace:
Thy sugred poyson now hath wrought so well,
That thou hast made me to my selfe a hell.

My eye, reades mournfull lessons to my heart,
My heart, doth to my thought the griefes expound,
My thought, the same doth to my tongue impart,
My tongue, the message in the eares doth sound;
My cares, back to my heart their sorrowes send,
Thus circkling griefes runne round without an end.

My guilty eye still seemes to see my sinne,
All thinges Characters are to spell my fall,
What eye doth read without, hart rues within:
What hart doth rue, to pensiue thought is gall,
Which when the thought would by the tongue dis-
The care conuayes it back into the brest. [gest,

Thus gripes in all my partes do neuer faile,
Whose onely league is now in bartring paines,
What I ingrosse, they traffique by retaile,
Making each others miseries their gaines;
All bound for euer, prentices to care,
While I in shop of shame trade sorrowes ware.

Pleas'd with displeasing lot I seeke no change,
I wealthiest am when riches in remorse;
To fetch my ware no seas nor lands I range,
For customers to bye I nothing force.
My home-bred goods at home are boughr & solde,
And still in me the interest I hold.

My

My comfort now is comfortlesse to liue,
 In *Orphan* state deuoted to mishap:
 Rent from the roote, that sweetest fruit did giue,
 I scorn'd to graffe in stocke of meaner sap.

No iuice can ioy me but of *Iesse* flower,
 Whose heauenly roote hath true reuining power.

Esay. ii. 1

At sorrowes dore I knockt, they crau'd my name,
 I answered one, vnworthie to be knowne;
 What one, say they? one worthiest of blame
 But who? a wretch, not gods, nor yet his owne.

A man? O no, a beast; much worse, what creator:
 A rocke: how cald? the rocke of scandale, *Peter*.

From whence from *Caiphass* house, ah dwell you there?
 Sinnes farme I rented there, but now would leaue it:
 What rent? my soule; what gaine? vnrest, and feare.
 Deere purchase. Ah too deere, will you receaue it?

What shall we giue? fit teares, and times, to plaine me,
 Come in, say they; thus griefes did entertaine me.

With them I rest true prisoner to their Tayle,
 Chain'd in the yron linkes of basest thrall,
 Till grace vouchsafing captiue soule to bayle,
 In wonted See degraded loues enstall.

Dayes, passe in plaints: the nights without repose,
 I wake to weepe, I sleepe in waking woes.

Sleepe, deaths allye, obliuion of teares,
 Silence of passions, balme of angry sore,
 Suspence of loues, securitie of feares,
 Wraths lenitiue, harts ease, stormes calmest shore,
 Sences and soules repriual from all combers,
 Benumbing sence of ill, with quiet slumbers.

Not such my sleepe, but whisperer of dreames,
 Creating strange *Chymeras*, fayning frights:

Of day discourses giuing fancie theames,
To make dum shewes with worlds of antick sights,
Casting true griefes in fancies forging mold,
Brokenly telling tales rightly fore-told.

This sleepe most fitly sutureth sorrows bed,
Sorrow, the smart of euill, Sinnes eldest child:
Best, when vnkind in killing who it bred,
A racke for guiltie thoughts, a bit for wild.
The scourge, that whips, the salue that cures offence:
Sorrow, my bed, and home, while life hath sence.

Heere solitary Muses nurse my griefes,
In silent lounesse burying worldly noyse,
Attentiu to rebukes, deafe to reliefes,
Pensiu to foster cares, carelesse of joyes;
Ruing lifes losse vnder deathes dreary roofes,
Solemnizing my funerall behoofes.

A selfe contempt the shroud, my soule the corse,
The beere, an humble hope, the herse-cloth, feare;
The mourners, thoughts, in blacks of deepe remorse:
The herse, grace, pittie, loue, and mercy beare.
My teares, my dole, the Priest a zealous will:
Pennance the tombe: and dolefull sighes the knill.

CHRIST, health of feuer'd soule, heauen of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurse of infant loues,
Guide to the wandring foote, light to the blind,
Whom weeping winnes, repentant sorrow moues.
Father in care, mother in tender hart,
Reuiue and saue me slaine with sinfull dart.

If King MANASSAS sunke in depth of sinne,
With plaints and teares recovered grace and crowne:
A worthlesse worme some milde regard may winne,
And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.

A poore desire I haue to mend my ill,
I should, I would, I dare not say, I will.

I dare not say; I will, but wish I may,
My pride is checkt, high words the speaker spilt:
My good, O Lord, thy gift, thy strength, my stay:
Giue what thou bidst, and then bid what thou wilt.

Worke in me what thou of me do'st request:
Then will I dare the most, and vow the best.

Prone looke, crost armes, bow'd knee, and contrite heart,
Deepe sighs, thick sobs, dew'd eyes, & prostrate praiers,
Most humblie beg release of earned smart,
And sauing shroud in mercies sweet repaiers.

If justice should my wrongs with rigor wage:
Feares, would dispaire: rueth, breed a hopeles rage.

Lazar at pitties gate I vlcered lie,
Crauing the reffuse crums of childrens plate:
My sores, I lay to view in mercies eye,
My rags, beare witnes of my poore estate:
The wormes of conscience that within me swarme:
Proue that my plaints are lesse then is my harme.

With mildenes, *Iesu*, measure my offence:
Let true remorse thy due reuenge abate:
Let teares appease when tréspasse doth incense:
Let pittie temper thy deserued hate.

Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall:
With feare I craue, with hope I humbly call.

Redeeme my lapse with ransome of thy loue,
Trauerse th'inditment, rigors doome suspend:
Let frailtie fauour, sorrowes succour moue,
Be thou thy selfe, though changling I offend.

Tender my sute, clesne this defiled denne,
Cancell my debts, Sweet *Iesu* say Amen.

The end of Saint Peters complaint.

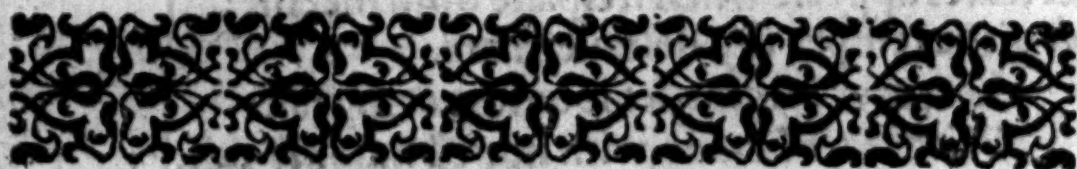


SONNET

A sinfull soule to Christ.

I Lurk, I lowre, in dungeon deepe of mynd,
 In mourning moode, I run a restles race,
 With wounding pangs, my Soule is sorelie pyn'd,
 My griefe it growes, and death drawes on a pace:
 What life can last except there come releace?
 Feare threats, dispaire, my sinne infernall wage.
 I faint, I fall: most wofull is my case,
 Who can me helpe, who may this storme assuage?
 O Lord of life, our peace, our only pleage,
 O blesfull light, who life of death hast wrought
 Of heav'nlie love the brightsome beame, and bage,
 Who by thy death from death and hell vs bought,
 Revive my Soule, my sinnes, my sores redresse,
 That live I may with thee in lasting blesse.

I. I.

*Marie Magdalens blush.*

THe signes of shame that staine my blushing face,
 Rise from the feeling of my raving fits,
 Whose joy annoy, whose guerdon is disgrace:
 Whose solace flies, whose sorrow never flits:

Bad

Bad seede I sow'd, worse fruit is now my gaine,
Soone dying mirth begat long liuing paine.

Now pleasure ebbes, revenge beginnes to flow,
One day doth worke the wrath that many wrought:
Remorse doth teach my guilty thoughts to know
How cheape I sould, that Christ so deere bought.
Faults long vnfelt doth conscience now bewray,
Which cares must cure, and teares must wash away.

All gostly dynts that grace at me did darr
Like stubborne rocke I forced to recoyle;
To other flights an ayme I made my hart, [foyle
Whose woundes then welcome, now haue wrought my
Woe worth the bow, woe worth the Archers might;
That draue such arrowes to the marke so right.

To pull them out, to leaue them in, is death,
One, to this world: one, to the world to come:
Wounds may I weare, and draw a doubtful breath:
But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull dome.
And for a world whose pleasures passe away,
I lose a world, whose ioyes are past decay.

O sence, O soule, O had, O hoped blisse,
You woe, you weane, you draw, you driue me backe.
Your crosse encountring, like their combate is,
That neuer end but with some deadlie wrack.
VVhen sence doth win, the soule doth loose the field,
And present haps make future hopes to yeeld.

O heauen lament, sence robbeth thee of Saints,
Lament O soules, sence spoyleth you of grace.
Yet sence doth scarce deserue these hard complaints,
Loue is the thiefe, sence but the entring place.

Yet graunt I must, sence is not free from sinne,
For theefe he is that theefe admitteth in.

Marie



*Marie Magdalens complaint at
Christes death.*

Sith my life from life is parted:
Death come take thy portion,
Who suruiues, when life is muredred,
Liues by meere extortion.
All that liue, and not in God,
Couch their life in deaths abod.

Seely starres must needes leaue shining,
When the sunne is shaddowed.
Borrowed streames refrain their running,
When head-springs are hindered.
One that liues by others breath,
Dyeth also by his death.

O true life, since thou hast left me,
Mortall life is tedious,
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death of all most odious.
Turne againe, or take me to thee,
Let me dyc, or liue thou in me.

Where the trueth once was and is not,
Shaddowes are but vanitie:
Shewing want, that help they cannot,
Signes; not salues of milerie.
Painted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceeds.

With my loue, my life was nestled
In the somme of happinesse;

From

Times goes by turnes.

From my loue, my life is wrested
To a world of heavinessse.
O, let loue my life remoue,
Sith I liue not where I loue.

O my soule, what did vnloose thee
From thy sweet captiuitie?
God, not I, did still possesse thee:
His, not mine thy libertie.

O, too happy thrall thou wart,
When thy prison was his hart,

Spightfull speare, that break'st this prison:
Seate of all felicitie,
Working this, with double treason,
Loues and liues deliverie:
Though my life thou drau'st away,
Maugre thee my loue shall stay,



Times goe by turnes.

THe lopped tree in time may grow againe,
Most naked plants renew both fruite and flower:
The sorriest wight may find release of paine,
The dryest soyle sucke in some moystning shower.
Times goe by turnes, and chaunces change by course;
From foule to faire: from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She drawes her favours to the lowest ebbe:
Her tydes hath equall times to come and goe,
Her Loom doth weaue the fine and coursest webbe.

E

No

No ioy so great, but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwayes fall of leafe, nor euer spring,
No endles night, yet not eternall day.
The saddest Birds a season finde to sing,
The roughest storme a calme may soone alay.
Thus with succeeding turnes God tempereth all:
That man may hope to rife, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce may winne that by mischance was lost,
The net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crost,
Fewe all they neede: but none haue all they wish,
Vnmedled ioyes heere to no man betall,
Who least, hath some, who most, hath neuer all.



Looke home.

Retyred thoughts enjoy their owne delights,
As beauty doth in selfe, beholding eye:
Mans mind a mirrour is of heauenly sights,
A brieft wherein all mervailles summed lye:
Of fayrest formes, and sweetest shap the store
Most gracefull all, yet thought may grace the more.

The minde a creature is, yet can create,
To natures, patterns adding higher skill,
Of finest workes wit better could the state,
If force of wit had equall power of will.
Deuise of man in working hath no end,
What thought can thinke, another thought can mend.

Mans soule, of endles beauties image is,
Drawne by the worke of endlesse skill and might;

This

This skilfull might gaue many sparkes of blisse,
And to discerne this blisse a native light.
To frame gods image as his worthes requir'd,
His might, his skill, his worde, and will conspir'd.

All that he had, his Image should present,
All that it should present he could afford;
To that he could afford his will was bent,
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this suffice, by this conceiue the rest,
He should, he could, he would, he did the best.



Fortunes falsehood.

IN worldly meriments lurketh much miserie,
Slie fortunes subtilties in baytes of happinesse,
Shrowd hookes, that swallowed without recouerie:
Murder the innocent with mortall heauinesse.

She sootheth appetites with pleasing vanities,
Till they be conqvered with cloaked tyrannie,
Than, changing countenance, with open enmities
She triumphs ouer them, scorning their flauerie.

With fawning flattery Deaths doore shee openeth,
Alluring passengers to bloodie destinie:
In offers bountifull, in prooffe shee beggereth;
Mens ruins registering her false felicitie.

Her hopes are fastened in blesse that vanisheth,
Her smart inherited with sure possession,
Constant in crueltie, she neuer altereth,
But from one violence, to more oppression.

To those that follow her fauours are measured
As easie premisses to hard conclusions;

With bitter corrosiues, her joyes are seasoned;
Her highest benefits are but illusions.

Her way's, a Labyrinth of wandring passages:
Foolles common pilgrimage, to cursed deicties:
Whose fond devotion and idle menages,
Are wagde with wearines in fruitles drudgeries.

Blinde in her favorites foolish election,
Chaunce is her arbiter in giving dignitie:
Her choise of visions, shewes most discretion,
Sith welth the vertuous might wrest from pietie,

To humble suppliants, tyrant most obstinate:
She suters answereth with contrarieties:
Proud with petition, vntaught to mitigate
Rigour with clemencie in hardest cruelties.

Like Tygre fugitiue from the ambitious,
Like weeping Crocodile to scornefull enemies,
Suing for amitie where she is odious,
But to her followers forswearing curtesies.
No winde so changeable, no sea so wavering,
As giddy Fortune in reeling varieties;
Now mad, now mercifull, now fierce, now favoring:
In all things mutable, but mutabilities.



Scorne not the least.

VV Here wards ar weak, & foes encountring strong
Where mightier do assault then do defend,
The feeble part puts vp enforced wrong,
And silent sees, that speech could not amend:
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When Sunne is set, the little starres will shine.

While

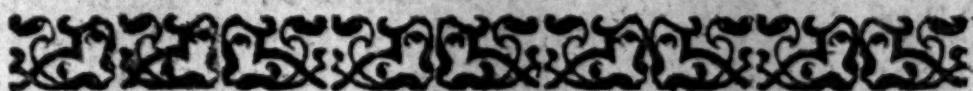
The Natiuitie of Christ.

45

While Pike doth range, the sillie tench doth flie,
And crouch in priuie creeckes, with smaller fish:
Yet Pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These flecte a flote, while those do fill the dish;
There is a time euen for the wormes to creepe,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleepe.

The Marline cannot euer soare on high,
Nor greedy gray-hound still pursue the chase,
The tender Larke will finde a time to flie,
And fearefull Hare to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on Cedars did bestowe,
Gauē also lowly *Mush-rumps* leaue to grow.

In *Hamans* pompe poore *Mardocheus* wept,
Yet God did turne his fate vpon his foe.
The *Lazar* pinde, while *Diues* feast was kept,
Yet he to heauen: to hell did *Diues* goe.
We trample grasse, and prize the flowres of *May*:
Yet grasse is greene, when flowers doe fade away.



The natiuitie of Christ.

BEholde the Father, is his daughters sonne:
The birde that built the nest, is hatch'd therein
The olde of yeares, an howre hath not out-runne:
Eternall life to liue doth now beginne.

The word is dum, the mirth of heauen doth weepe,
Might feeble is, and force doth faintlie creepe.

O dying soules, beholde your liuing spring:
O dazled eyes, beholde your sonne of grace;
Dull eares, attend what word this word doth bring,
Vp heauie hearts, with ioy your ioy embrace.

From death, from darke, from deafnes, from dispaire,
This life, this light, this word, this ioy repaires,

Gift better then himselfe God doth not know:
Gift better then his God no man can see:
This gift doth heere the giver giuen bestow,
Gift to this gift let each receiver be.

God is my gift, himselfe he freely gaue me,
Gods gift am I, and none but God shall haue mee.

Man altered was by sinne from man to beast,
Beasts foode is haye, haye is all mortall flesh,
Now God is flesh, and lyes in Manger prest,
As haye, the bruteft sinner to refresh:

O happy fielde wherein this fodder grew,
Whose tast, doth vs from beasts to men renew.



Christes child-hood.

TIL twelue yeares age, how Christ his child-hood
All earthly pennes vnworthy were to write, (spent
Such acts to mortall eyes he did present,
Whose worth, not men, but Angels must recite.
No natures blot, no childish faults defilde,
Where grace was guide, & God did play the childe,

In springing locks, lay couched hoarie wit,
In semblance young, a graue and auncient port,
In lowly lookes, high majestie did sit:
In tender tongue, sound sence of sagest sort,
Nature imparted all that she could teach,
And God supplied, where nature could not reach.

His mirth, of modest meane a mirrour was,
His sadnesse, tempered with a milde aspect;

His

His eye to try each action was a glas,
 Whose lookes, did good approue, and bad correct.
 His natures gifts, his grace, his word and deed,
 Well shewed that all did from a God proceede.



A Child my choise.

Let folly prayse that fancie loues, I prayse and loue that child,
 Whose hart no thought, whose tong no word, whose hand no deed defild.
 I prayse him most, I loue him best, all prayse and loue is his:
 While him I loue, in him I liue, and cannot liue amisse.

Loues sweetest marke, lawdes highest theme, mans most desired light,
 To loue him, life: to leaue him, death: to liue in him, delight.
 He mine by gift, I his by debt, thus each to others due,
 First friend he was, best friend he is, all times will try him true.

Though young, yet wise, though small, yet strong, though man, yet God he is,
 As wise, he knowes, as strong he can as God, he loves to blisse.
 His knowledge rules, his strength defends, his loue doth cherriish all,
 His birth our joy, his life our light, his death our end of thrall.

Alas, hee weepes, he sighes, hee pants, yet doe his Angels sing:
 Out of his reares, his sighes and throbs, doth bud a joyfull spring.
 Almightie babe, whose tender armes can force all foes to flie,
 Correct my faults, protect my life, direct me when I die.



Content and rich.

I Dwell in graces Court,
 Enrich'd with vertues rights:
 Faith guides my wit, loue leades my will,
 Hope, all my minde delights.

In lowly vales I moun
 To pleasure highest pitch:
 My seely shroud true honour brings,
 My poore estate is rich.

My conscience is my crowne,
 Contented thoughts my rest,

My

My hart is happy in it selfe:
My blisse is in my brest.

Enough, I reckon welth,
A meane, the surest lot,
That lyes too high for base contempt,
Too low, for envies shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easie to fulfill:
I make the limits of my power,
The bounds vnto my will.

I haue no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly raigne,
Effects attain'd, or not desir'd,
All lower hopes refraine-

I feele no care of coyne,
Wel-dooing is my welth,
My minde to me an Empire is
While grace affordeth health.

I clyp high-clyming thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride,
Their fall is worst that from the height,
Of greatest honour slide.

Sith sayles of largest size,
The storme doth soonest teare,
I beare so low and small a sayle
As freeth me from feare.

I wrastle not with rage
While furies flame doth burne,
It is in vaine to stop the streame
Vntill the tide doth turne.

But

Content and rich.

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But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turne a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often prooffe,
A tempered calme I finde
To be most solace to it selfe,
Best cure for angry mind.

Spare dyet is my fare,
My clothes more fit then fine,
I know I feede and clothe a foe
That pamp' red, would repine.

I envie not their hap
Whom fauour doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their paine
That haue lesse happy chance.

To rise by others fall,
I deeme a loosing gaine:
All states with others ruines built,
To ruine runne a-maine.

No chance of Fortunes calmes
Can cast my comforts downe,
When Fortune smiles, I smile to thinke
How quickly she will frowne.

And when in forward moode
Shee prooues an angry foe,
Smal gaine I found to let hir come,
Lesse losse to let her goe.

Losse

F

*Losse in delayes.*

SHun delayes, they breede remorse,
 Take thy time while time doth serue thee,
 Creeping Inailes haue weakeft force,
 Flie their fault least thou repent thee,
 Good is best when soonest wrought,
 Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoyse vp sayle while gale doth last,
 Tide and winde stay no mans pleasure,
 Seeke not time when time is past,
 Sober speede is wisdomes leasure:
 After wits are deerely bought,
 Let thy fore-wit guid thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,
 Take thou hold on his fore-head,
 When he flyes, he turnes no more,
 And behind his scalpe is naked,
 Workes aiournd haue many staves,
 Long demurres breede now delayes.

Seeke thy salue while sore is greene,
 Ffestred wounds ask deeper launcing,
 After cures are seldome seene,
 Often sought scarce euer chancing,
 Time and place giue best aduise,
 Out of season, out of price.

Crush the serpent in the head
 Breake ill egges ere they be hatched,
 Kill bad Chickins in the tread,
 Fligge, they hardly can be caught.

In the ryfing ftylle ill,
Least it grow againft thy will.

Drops do pierce the ftubborne flint,
Not by force but often falling,
Cufome kils with feeble dint,
More by vfe then ftrength prevailing.
Single lands haue little waight,
Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs are bent with eafe,
Aged trees do breake with bending,
Young defires make little preafe,
Growth doth make them pafte amending.
Happy man that foone doth knock,
Bable babes againft the rocke.



Loues seruile Lot.

Loue, miftris is of many mindes,
Yet few know whome they ferue,
They reckon leaft how little loue
Their feruice doth deferue.

The will fhe robbeth from the wit,
The fence from reasons lore,
She is delightfull in the rine,
Corrupted in the core;

Shee shroudeth vice in vertues vaile,
Pretending good in ill,
She offereth ioy, affordeth grieve,
A kiffe where fhe doth kill;

A honney shower raines from her lips,
Sweet lights fhine in her face,

She

Shee hath the blush of virgine mind,
The mind of Vipers race.

Shee makes thee seeke, yet feare to find,
To find, but not enjoy;
In many frownes some gliding smiles,
She yeelds to more anoy.

She wooes thee to come neere her fire,
Yet doth she draw it from thee,
Farre-off she makes thy hart to frie,
And yet to freeze within thee.

Shee letteth fall some luring baits
For fooles to gather vp:
Too sweet, too sowre to every tast
She tempereth her cup,

Soft soules she bindes in tender twist,
Small Flyes in spinners webbe,
She sets a floate some luring streames,
But makes them soone to ebbe.

Her watry eyes haue burning force:
Her flouds and flames conspire.
Teares kindle sparks, sobs fuell are:
And sighs doe blow her fire.

May never was the Month of loue,
For *May* is full of flowers,
But rather *Aprill* wet by kind,
For loue is full of showers.

Like tyrant cruell wounds she giue,
Like Surgeon salue she lends,
But salue and sore haue equall force,
For death is both their ends.

With

With soothing words, inthrall'd soules:
Shee chaines in servile bands,
Her eye in silence hath a speech,
VVhich eye best vnderstands.

Her little sweet hath many sowers,
Short hap immortall harmes,
Her louing lookes, are murdring darts,
Her songs bewitching charmes.

Like winter rose, and Sommer Ice
Her joyes are still vntimely,
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fairst first, in fine vnseemely.

Moodes passions, fancies iealous fits,
Attend vpon her traine;
Shee yeelded rest without repose;
A heau'n in hellish paine.

Her house is slouth, her doore deceite,
And slipperie hope her staires,
Vnbashfull boldnes bids her guests,
And every vice repaires.

Her dyet is of such delight,
As please till they be past,
But then the poyson kills the hart,
That did entise the tast.

Her sleepe in sinne, doth end in wrath,
Remorse rings her awake,
Death calls her vp, shame driues her out,
Dispaire her vp-shot make.

Plow not the Seas, sowe not the sands,
 Leaue off your idle paine,
 Seeke ot her mistres for your minds,
 Loues service is in vaine.



Life is but losse.

BY force I liue, in will I wish to dyc,
 In plaint I passe the length of lingring dayes,
 Free would my soule from mortall body flye,
 And tread the tracke, of deaths desired wayes;
 Life is but losse, where death is deemed gaine,
 And loathed pleasures breede displeasing paine.

Who would not die to ende all murdering greeues,
 Or who would liue in never-dying feares?
 Who would not wish his treasure safe from theeues,
 And quit his hart from pangues, his eyes from teares?
 Death parteth but two, cuer-fighting foes,
 Whose civill strife, doth worke our endlesse woes,

Life is a wandring course from kindly rest,
 As oft a cursed ryse to damning leape;
 As happie race to winne a heavenly crest,
 As life hath bene the frutes, so shall thou reape,
 And who can like, in such a life to dwell,
 Whose waies are strait to heau'n, but wide to hel

Come cruell death why lingrest thou so long.
 VVhat doth with-hold thy dint from fatal stroke?
 Now prest I am alas thou doest me wrong,
 To let me liue more anger to provoke:
 Thy right is had, when thou hast stopt my breath,
 VVhy shuld'st thou stay, to work my double death

If **S**AVLES attempt in falling on his blade,
Aslawfull were, as ethe to put in vre:
If **S**AMPSON leaue, a common law were made,
Of **A**BELS lot if all that would were sure.
Then cruell death thou should'st the tyrant play,
VVith none but such as wished for delay.

VVhere life is lou'd; thou ready art to kill,
And to abridge with sodaine pangues their joy,
Where life is loath'd thou wilt not work their will,
But dost adjourne their death to their annoy,
To some thou art a fierce vnbidden guest,
But those that craue thy helpe thou helpest least.

Avant O viper, I thy spight defie,
There is a God that ouer-rules thy force,
Who can thy weapons to his will apply,
And shorten or prolong our brittle course:
I on his mercy, not thy might relye,
To him I liue, for him I hope to dye.



I die a liue.

O Life what lets thee from a quick decease?
O death what drawes thee from a present pray?
My feast is done, my soule would be at ease,
My grace is said, O death come take away.

I liue, but such a life as ever dies,
I die but such a death, as never ends,
My death to end my dying life denies,
And life my living death no whit amends.

Thus still I dye, yet still I doe reuiue,
My living death by dying life is fed:

Grace

Grace more then nature keepes my hart aliue,
Whose idle hopes and vaine desires are dead.

Not where I breath, but where I loue I liue,
Not where I loue, but where I am I dye:
The life I wish, must future glory giue,
The deaths I feele, in present dangers lye.



What ioye to liue

I Wage no warre, yet peace I none enioy,
I hope, I feare, I frye in freezing cold,
I mount in mirth still prostrate in annoy,
I all the world embrace, yet nothing hold.
All wealth is want where chiefeft wishes faile,
Yea life is loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.

For that I loue, I long but that I lack,
That others loue I loath, and that I haue:
All worldly fraights to me are deadly wrack,
Men, present hap, I future hopes do craue,
They louing where they liue, long life require,
To liue where best I loue, death I desire.

Heere loue is lent for loane of filthy gaine,
Most friends befriend themselues with friendships shew;
Heere, plentie perrill, want doth breede disdain,
Cares common are, ioyes faultie, short and few.
Heere honour envide, meanes is despis'd,
Sinne deemed solace, vertue little pris'd.

Heere beauty is a baite that swallowed choakes,
A treasure sought still to the owners harmes:
A light that eyes to murthering sighs prouokes,
A grace that soules enchant with mortall charmes:

Lifes death, Lones life

A luring ayme to Cupids fierie flights,
A balefull blisse that damnes where it delights.

O who would liue, so many deaths to try,
Where will doth wish that wisdome doth reprove:
Where nature craues that grace must needs denie,
Where sence doth like, that reason cannot loue,
VVhere best in shew, in finall prooffe is worst,
VVhere pleasures vp-shot is to die accurst.



Lifes death, Lones life.

VVHo liues in loue, lones least to liue,
And long delays doth rue,
If him he loue by whom he liues,
To whom all loue is due.

VVho for our loue did choose to liue,
And was content to die:

VVho lou'd our loue more then his life,
And loue with life did bye.

Let vs in life, yea with our life
Requite his living loue,
For best we liue when least we liue,
If loue our life remooue.

Where loue is hote, life hatefull is,
Their grounds do not agree,
Loue where it loues, life where it liues,
Desireth most to be.

And sith loue is not where it liues,
Nor liueth where it loues,
Loue hateth life, that holds it backe,
And death it best approues,

For feldome is he wonne in life,
Whom loue doth most desire,
If wonne by loue yet not enjoyde,
Till mortall life expire.

Life out of earth, hath not abroad,
In earth loue hath no place,
Loue settled hath her ioyes in heau'n,
In earth life all her grace.

Mourne therefore no true louers death,
Life onely him annoyes,
And when he taketh leaue of life,
Then loue beginnes his joyes.



At home in Heauen.

FAire soule, how long shall veyles thy graces shroud?
How long shall this exile with-hold thy right?
When will thy sunne disperse this mortal cloud?
And giue thy glories scope to blaze their light?
O that a starre more fit for Angels eyes,
Should pyne in earth, not shine aboue the skyes.

Thy ghostly beauty offred force to God,
It cheyn'd him in the linkes of tender loue,
It wonne his wil with man to make abod:
It stayd his sword, and did his wrath remoue:
It made the rigor of his justice yeeld,
And crowned mercie Empresse of the field.

This lull'd our heauenly **SAMPSON** fast a sleepe,
And layd him in our feeble natures lap;
This made him vnder mortall load to creepe,
And in our flesh his god-head to enwrap.

This

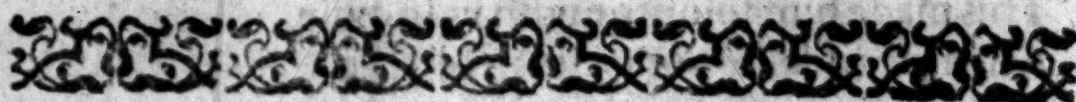
This made him sojourne with vs in exile,
And not disdain our tytles in his stile.

This brought him from the ranks of heau'nly quiers
Into this vale of teares, and cursed soyle;
From flowers of grace, into a world of bryers,
From life to death, from blisse to baleful toyle.
This made him wander in our Pilgrim weede,
And tast our torments, to relieue our neede,

O soule, doe not thy noble thoughts abase,
To lose thy loue in any mortal wight,
Content thine eye at home with native grace,
Sith God himselfe is ravisht with thy sight,
If on thy beautie God enamored bee,
Base is my loue of any lesse then hee.

Giue not assent to muddy minded skill,
That deemes the feature of a pleasing face,
To be the sweetest baite to lure the will,
Not valuing right the worth of ghostly grace:
Let Gods and Angels censure winne beliefe,
That of al beauties judge our soule the chiefe.

QUEENE HESTER was of rare & peerelesse hew,
And IVDITH once for beautie bare the vaunt,
But he that could our soules endowments view,
Would soone to soules the Crowne of beautie graunt,
O soule out of thy selfe seeke God alone:
Grace more then thine, but Gods, the world hath none.



Lewd loue is Losse.

Misdeeming eye that stoopeth to the lure,
Of mortal worths, not worth so worthy loue,
All beauties base, all graces are impure:
That do thy erring thought from God remoue.
Sparkes to the fire, the beames yeeld to the sunne,
All grace to God from whom all graces runne.

If picture moue, more should the patterne please,
No shaddow can, with shaddowed things compare,
And fayrest shapes whereon our loues do seaze,
But silly signes of Gods high beauties are.
Goe sterving sence, feede thou on earthly mast,
True loue in Heau'n, seeke thou thy sweet repast.

Gleane not in barren soyle these offall eares,
Sith reape thou maiest whole haruests of delight.
Base joyes with griefes, bad hopes do end in feares,
Lewd loue with losse, euill peace with deadly fight:
Gods loue alone doth end with endlesse ease,
Whose joyes in hope, whose hope concludes in peace.

Let not the luring traine of fancies trap,
Or gracious features proofes of natures skill,
Lull reasons force a sleepe in errours lap,
Or draw thy wit to bent of wanton will,
The fayrest flowers haue not the sweetest smell,
A seeming heauen, prooues oft a damning hell.

Selfe-pleasing soules that play with beauties bayte;
In shining shroud may swallow fatall hooke,
Where eager sight, or semblant faire doth waite,
A looke it proues that first was but a looke;

The

Loues garden grieve.

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The fish with ease into the Net doth glide,
But to get out the way is not so wide.

So long the flie doth dallie with the flame,
Vntil his singed wings doe force his fall,
So long the ey doth follow fancies game,
Till loue hath left the heart in heauie thrall;
Soone may the mind be cast in *Cupids* layle,
But hard it is imprisoned thoughts to baile.

O loath that loue, whose finall ayme is lust,
Mothe of the mind, eclypse of reasons right,
The graue of grace, the mole of natures rust,
The wrack of wit, the wrong of euerie right;
In summe, an euill whose harmes no tongue can
In which to liue is death, to dye is hell. (tell,



Loues garden grieve.

V Aine loues avaunt infamous is your pleasure,
Your ioy deceit,
Your iewels iests, and worthles trash your treasure
Foolles common bait.
Your pallace is a prison that allureth
To sweet mishap, and rest that paine procureth.
Your garden grieve, hedg'd in with thornes of enuie,
And stakes of strife:
Your allyes errorr graueled with iealousie,
And cares of life.
Your banks are seates enwrappt with shades of sadnes,
Your Arbours breede rough fitts of raging madnes.
Your beds are sowne with seedes of all iniquitie,
And poy'sning weedes:

Whose stalks evil thoughts, whose leaues wordes ful of
 Whose fruit misdeedes. (vanitie,

Whose sap is sinne, whose force and operation,
 To banish grace, and work the soules damnation,

Your trees are dismal plants of pyning corrosiues,
 Whose roote is rueth.

Whose bark is bale, whose timber stubborne fantasies:
 Whose pyth vntrueth.

On which in lieu of birds whose voyce delighteth:
 Of guilty conscience screching note affrighteth.

Your coolest summer gales are scalding sighings,
 Your showers are teares,
 Your sweetest smel the stench of sinful living,
 Your favours feares.

Your gardener Sathan, al you reape is miserie:
 Your gaine remorse and losse of al felicitie.



From Fortunes reach.

L Et fickle fortune runne her blindest rase:
 I setled haue an vnremoooved mind:
 I scorne to be the game of fantasies chase,
 Or vane, to shew the change of every wind.
 Light giddy humors stinted to no rest,
 Still change their choyce, yet never choose the best.

My choyse was guided by fore-sightfull heede,
 It was averted with approuing will,
 It shal be followed with performing deede:
 And seal'd with vow, til death the chooser kill,
 Yea death though finall date of vaine desires,
 Ends not my choyse, which with no time expires.

To

To beauties fading blisse I am no thrall:
I burie not my thoughts in mettall Mynes,
I ayme not at such fame, as feareth fall,
I seeke and find a light that euer shines:
Whose glorious beames display such heavenly sights;
As yceld my soule a summe of all delights.

My light to loue, my loue to life, doth guide,
To life that liues by loue, and loueth light,
By loue to one, to whome all loues are tyde
By dewest debt, and neuer equall right.
Eyes light, hatts loue, soules trust, life he is,
Comforting in three ioyes, one perfect blisse.

FINIS.

